

The Saturday News

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Note and Comment

The figures published by the department at Ottawa as to this year's immigration may well create enthusiasm. It is estimated that no less than 400,000 people entered our territory during the twelve months ending March 31st. In the year previous it was the movement from across the border that kept up the total, that from other parts of the world showing a decided falling off. But at that the total American immigration was only 90,000, as compared with 150,000 in the year just past. These newcomers have possessed an average, in cash and settlers' effects of \$817, which means an addition to the wealth of the country of \$125,000,000. Great Britain shows up much better than hitherto, 100,000 people coming from the Old Land. If all this follows upon a season like that of 1909, which, so far as the average yield went, was a very ordinary one, and not to be compared for a moment in this respect with 1905 or 1906, what may we not expect next year, if 1910, which has started out so well, fulfils its early promise?

There is every indication that the country has wholly recovered from the temporary setback which it received three years ago. We speak of a setback, but the meaning attached to the word should be defined. There has been constant expansion in the interval and the West stands today in a much stronger economic position than it ever did before. But it couldn't escape the effects of a world-wide business depression and of one bad season, the first wholly bad one in many years, that of 1907. The result is that there has not been the same rate of progress that there was from 1900 to 1906. But it is evident that this is now to be resumed.

Nor have the clouds been without their silver lining. The stability which the country has shown under untoward conditions gives most people more confidence in it than they could possibly have when everything was "on the boom." Further, the experience has driven home a fact which no one who wishes to put his affairs on a satisfactory basis should lose sight of that speculative operations will not remain profitable forever and that it is only as the wealth of the country is actually developed that its people can be really prosperous.

The article which The Saturday News published two weeks ago, setting forth what was known about the north country to justify the building of such a line as the A. & G. W., has attracted a surprising amount of interest. It contained nothing which had not been set forth over and over again. This suggests that the political controversy which has so thoroughly aroused the province is liable to have an excellent effect in calling the attention of the outside world to the great natural resources that Alberta possesses in its northern portion. The Toronto Weekly Sun makes this comment:

"The Saturday News of Edmonton furnishes an illuminating statement of the purposes which it is hoped will be served by the railway project that has created a political crisis in Alberta. The News is of opinion that the carrying out of the scheme under consideration will perform a service for Alberta commensurate with that rendered, all Canada by the building of the C.P.R. The line is to extend some 250 miles north of Edmonton and, by connecting with the Peace and Athabasca rivers, will bring a system of inland navigation 3,000 miles in length in touch with the railway system of the Dominion. The waters that will be reached are said to teem with fish; north of the 55th parallel an area embracing 100,000 acres of good agricultural land will be opened up, while the mineral wealth of the district includes not only coal, copper, silver and gold, but what are believed to be the richest petroleum deposits in the world.

"When the mind dwells on the resources and extent of the Dominion, as these have been revealed within the last few years, one is almost appalled by the tremendous importance of the problem presented. That problem is how are 7,000,000 people, who have not as yet effectively occupied more than one-tenth even of older Canada, to direct and control the development of a territory covering half a continent and capable of providing sustenance for a population double that of Europe? How are we to so sift and assimilate the inrush of population, coming to our shores as a result of knowledge of our

natural riches having permeated the crowded quarters of the world, that the present standard of civilization shall not be lowered?"

The Sun does not overstate the stupendous character of the problem. With such big things in prospect for Canada, and particularly for this portion of it, a tremendous responsibility rests on those who are doing the foundation work. But the task is not one from which there can be any shrinking. With such a heritage to develop, we must exert every effort to turn it to the uses for which it was clearly intended.

To The Saturday News this railway project has all along appeared of greater import than any other before the people of this or any of the sister provinces. The C.P.R. enterprise made Canada something more than a few scattered settlements, which, on consulting the map, looked to one as if they had been left off of the United States by accident. But that railway, while it gave the country an ocean-to-ocean breadth, left it still a narrow fringe of territory along the American border. Shortly after this A. & G. W. railway is completed, there will be extended settlement seven hundred miles north of the boundary line in at least one province. This is a fact which is bound to have the greatest national significance. To Alberta itself, in opening up new sources of wealth, it means the expansion of our present industries and the introduction of a large variety of new ones. The province could well afford to give liberal encouragement to the enterprise and it is certain that no such far-reaching project has ever before in the history of the country been inaugurated with so little aid of a public character. If the northern country has one-tenth of the resources claimed for it by those who are in a position to speak with authority, the government will never be called upon to pay out a single cent in connection with the guarantee of the railway. It is all a question of whether our so-called faith in what we have talked so much about is so much froth or not.

The editor of the Toronto Globe is publishing an excellent series of character sketches of prominent Washington politicians, along the line of those which appeared after his return from the Imperial Press Conference in London last year. That of Speaker Cannon is of particular interest. Speaking to Dr. MacDonald, "Uncle Joe" said among other things:

"People say I break the ten commandments, all of them. But I don't, at least not often. I did break one of them up in Canada two or three years ago. As I rode from Winnipeg to the Rockies over your great West and saw the finest wheat fields in the world, I thought of Virginia and a lot of our rotten states, and I smashed the tenth commandment every hour of the journey. Yes, sir, I coveted my neighbor's land."

If Virginia hadn't been a hopelessly Democratic state, it is improbable that Mr. Cannon would have spoken of it as he did. But he has the facts with him and his statement should be of material service to Canada's immigration commissioners.

In the natural order of things, we should be looking forward to a close of the term of office of the government at Ottawa. It is close to fourteen years since it was returned to power and in that period many sources of weakness are bound to have developed. With the Opposition in a position to take advantage of these conditions, most people would

expect a change at the next general election or at the one following that at the latest. But the present state of affairs in the Conservative ranks does not afford the followers of that party much encouragement. For a long while it has suffered from internal dissensions, but hope was entertained that with the national convention which it was proposed to hold this coming June, these would disappear and the party, in the vernacular of the day, "learn where it is at." The latest news, however, is that Mr. Borden and his principal lieutenants are at war and the convention has been postponed.

In some Conservative newspaper it has been suggested from time to time that Mr. Borden must be deposed, that he is not the kind of man to lead the party to victory either now or in the future. The Toronto News, however, comes to his defence and says that the trouble is with his lieutenants. It has been particularly severe upon Mr. Monk.

It declares that he has never been able to accomplish anything in Quebec and in addition has conspired against his leader. The article from the News was called to Mr. Monk's attention and he sent this message to Montreal:

"Have never intrigued or conspired against Mr. Borden or anyone else. Toronto News is a fanatical sheet that has published lying and calumnious statements about me ever since I expressed my opinion upon the new naval policy."

F. D. MONK.

The Montreal Gazette's opinion on the matter is worth paying particular attention to, because it represents the traditional ideas of Canadian Conservatism better than any other paper in the Dominion. It frankly admits the possibility that the party may be called upon at an early date to select a new parliamentary chief, but it makes this comment, which, coming from such a source, cannot be too strongly impressed upon the party followers:

"Conservatives in parliament," it says, "who represent the party in the country may with profit ask themselves if their policy and conduct has always been such as to help their leader and all his followers to the victory they desire. Have they always remembered that Canada is a wide country, and that by magnifying into seeming national importance local issues that may influence one constituency they may be sacrificing in other constituencies many times more than they can gain? Have they been willing to take some personal risk for the general good? Have they sometimes thought more of the selfish satisfaction of holding a seat in Parliament than of the duty of ensuring such a change as will give Canada an administration that will not make its people blush when they think of its record? If they can to themselves say they are faultless in all these matters, there is another question for them to answer. Where, in national public life, is there a man of Mr. Borden's moral, intellectual and political stature to put in his place?"

The Gazette has laid its finger on the principal source of the party's weakness. It has lacked a national outlook. Its warfare has been too much of the guerrilla type. There are plenty of people who are far from satisfied with the record of the present administration, but who have hesitated, and will continue to do so, to vote against it, simply because they are not prepared to trust the reins of government to the opposite party in the anarchic state in which it at present finds itself. The Conservatives must get their own house in order before they can have any hope of victory.

The Gazette expresses confidence in Mr. Borden. This The Saturday News does not share. Both the Gazette and the Toronto News argue that when in opposition neither Sir Wilfrid Laurier nor Sir James Whitney were given credit for the capacity that they displayed after success had perched upon their banners. This is quite true. But as opposition leaders both Sir Wilfrid and Sir James had a united party behind them. Wherever they went, they aroused enthusiasm. Victory never seemed far off after they had been in command for a short period. But Mr. Borden has been given a chance for ten years back and he is no nearer accomplishing anything than he was at the beginning of his leadership.

The Gazette asks who there is to replace him. Surely the public life of the country is not so destitute of ability that no successor is available. What is the matter with Sir James Whitney or Mr. Hanna in Ontario? They both represent an excellent type of Conservative. Mr. Rogers of Manitoba belongs to another class, but he has a successful record at least behind him. Mr. Tannan has always appeared to this paper the best man available and Mr. Bennett certainly should not be overlooked. Mr. McRide would not be the success at Ottawa that he has been in Victoria. He is not a man for national politics. But any of the first five mentioned would make a better showing than Mr. Borden.

At a recent meeting of the St. James Literary Society in Montreal, Mr. E. W. Thomson, who needs no introduction to readers of The Saturday News, delivered an address on Canada's future, which deserves to be scattered broadcast. There are so few men in Canada possessing the public ear, who are willing to face facts, and to treat the great problems facing us without regard to their immediate political effect, that it is very refreshing to come across such an utterance as Mr. Thomson's. The concluding portion of the address is as follows:

An aggregation of many States—a voluntary aggregation of many States—that is now the essential nature of the British Union. The more voluntary it has become the more united it has become. This has long been a truism. We become so accustomed to frequently repeated truths that we commonly fail to appreciate freshly their significance. Hence we too much decline from their guidance. Quite contra to the teaching of experience, many good men try to draw the Dominions of the Empire backward into new formal bonds, more particularly for military and naval purposes. That seems to me precisely the wrong way to attain what they really desire. It is clear that each Dominion promotes all manner of works, the better in proportion to its freedom, its independence of any sort of interference from the elder brother. Now a prime interest of each Dominion is to so develop its forces, military and naval, that it may be at all times well prepared, not only for self-defence, but to act effectually in the elder brother's, or the family's aid, especially at sea. If this be true, it is not reasonable to believe that each Dominion will the more recognize that truth, and act up to it, if made completely responsible by such independence in respect of treaty making, war and peace, as all the Dominions have in respect of their other interests? We have been requested by the exponents of our independence to take example from Holland, Sweden and other small nations, which maintain considerable navies. Would they do so if they were not independent?

The political successes of our race have come of ability in decentralized action. If that peculiar genius did found, did extend, and does hold together the Empire, do we trust that genius enough? As no real strength can be derived by the family from any member that does not voluntarily contribute, surely the best of imperial policies would be to have every Dominion perfectly free. To be independent is to think on how to stay so. To be dependent is to be propitiated and to think how to get release. Dependents cannot rightly arrange terms with powers paramount over them. It is likely that any lasting provision of forces for holding all that the race has won can be attained on any other plan than by causing each Dominion to become independently responsible for guarding its own interests? Would any one refuse to make ready? If not, how invincible would be the union of the separated competent Dominions in those rare emergencies which might threaten the centre and therefore all alike. Consider how extremely

(Continued on Page Eight.)

The Judicial Commission



Alfred Hawes of Toronto, whose name has figured prominently in connection with the inquiry.



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THE JOY OF LIFE

(Clarence Richard Lindnor, in Leslie's Weekly.)

Here is the road that I will take;
It leads from the crowded mart
Where a haggard horde bow to the
lord
Of gold; and the tortured heart
Is gripped with pain, while each new
gain
With greed renounces art.

Here is the road that I will take;
It leads by the wind-swept pine,
Where the gem stars creep o'er the
restless deep,
And the joy of peace is mine.
I'll not complain of the lesser Cain
Nor crave excitement's wine.

Then I will flee the ark of Care
That is tattered, thin and old,
And I will woo with affection true
A muse in cloth of gold.
And my heart will sing for the world-
rous thing.
That a careless life can hold.

Here is the road that I will take
When I leave the mart behind,
And my soul shall be as wide and free
As the heaven seeking wind.
I am going South to a bayou's mouth
The joy of life to find.

One of the great drawbacks, it seems to me, in being a working journalist, that is in conducting departments that are at all dependent upon current events, is the amount of planning and working ahead necessary if one is so much as to amble over to Strathcona. Now, I am merely running down to Calgary for the matter of a week at most, yet instead of mending up my Sunday Go-to-meeting clothes I have to concern myself as to whether I left a certain dance written up, to see that the Mirror is on hand ready for the printers, and other like concerns that are extremely aggravating, when added to burden of household and personal arrangements. It comes to me that most of my readers will suggest that clothes shouldn't need stitches taken at the last minute, as I have suggested. That if they were kept as they should be, always in order, there wouldn't be any worry or trouble in the end. Which is indisputable—but then most people are frauds, and preach much better than they practice. It's like the woman who never has any trouble with her servants, and whose children never have a hole in their stockings. The etiquette books immortalized her centuries ago—but if she ever existed—which I doubt—she was a very tireless person. I like myself the human woman, who isn't ashamed to confess that she is often in a fluster, and that her house isn't run quite on clock-work lines. She's infinitely more interesting, entertaining and likeable.

Who that is honest but remembers the most tremendous upheavals at the first intimation of an approaching guest? Not, let me add, that the house wasn't presentable as it was, but that a freshening up means so much of added attraction and comfort. And again, every family as we know, has its skeleton.

With some, it is a lack of knives and forks for a visitation, with others sufficient blankets and pillows, and again it may be getting Papa into shape for visitor's company, or coaching the children how to behave before the expected guests. Believe me, my dear Mirrors, we are all out to make the best impression we can, to put our best foot foremost, and the man or house that is always ready for a search warrant to be executed, is one of the wonders of the age.

The most fascinating woman I know behaves like a tornado when her husband announces an unexpected guest for dinner. I have assisted myself in stowing the youngsters' toys under every conceivable article, with some of the master's favorite books for company. Have shoved any old thing behind any old pillow, and behaved generally like a woman with a crime to conceal—and then, deary me! sat down to a delightful repast, and had my next neighbor at table whisper that he never in his experience, had run across a more charming home or hostess.

How really true it is that
"Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream."
Who has not kept a brave face

through an evening when their heart was aching? Who of us but has had to smile in the face of a false friend, even as we realized their perfidy? Who but has his or her little secret room in home or heart, where the notice reads "No admittance."
Which brings us back to clothes to mend—and the beginning of this argument.

Talking of likeable women and men reminds me of what a friend of mine said one afternoon this week, as we grew confidential over the tea-cups. "It comes to me more and more," he remarked "the older I grow, how foolish it is to declare any man or woman wholly bad or absolutely good." People aren't made to those patterns. In so-called "bad" men, I find so much of kindness and goodness of heart that I least expected, and in "good" men such narrow views and meanness, that I have given up cataloguing my friends, and am beginning to take them just as I find them from day to day. It is only the provincial man or woman, who, after all, needs a tag to a person's class. Out in the big world one finds that people are just one and all just human. Today good, tomorrow bad, and more than that what appears good to me may seem anything but the same to the next fellow. We've all just got to look through our own glasses and make up our own definitions of things." Following which The Man told me some stories that illustrated his point, and left me shaking the people I know out of their labelled boxes, to deal with in future as they appear to me from day to day.

There are more ways in which one may evidence one's provincialism than by seeing one's neighbor's down as "evil" or "virtuous." Probably, the most common example is furnished by our every-day intercourse, one with another.

In rural villages it is not uncommon for "folks" to tell their neighbors what they think of them. Eben Holden tells Josiah Pike that "he thinks he's a low-down swindler," and Joseph Allan's wife, tells Mrs. Holden that she's nothing but a common mischief-making gossip.

Out in the world, however, beyond the bounds of little green-shuttered cottages and grassy lanes, and primitive conditions, one learns another, and perhaps a wiser way, of playing the game of life. It is the lesson of self-control.

With it mastered, it becomes possible to eat oysters reeking of coal-oil with a smile (as a friend of mine did), rather than for one moment embarrass one's hostess. By its aid, one learns to veil one's likes and dislikes, to let personal preferences be cast aside for the greatest comfort of the greatest number.

One would not, for instance, behave with rudeness to a fellow guest in a friend's house, because one disliked her cordially. All that sort of thing belongs to the primitive state of things. The modern clever man or woman is a philosopher, a diplomat. They know how to play the game. Thus it is that opposing factions in even so big a thing as a Royal Commission, no matter what their language, or attitude to each other while the case proceeds, in private life behave as turtle doves, and as becomes citizens of the world.

Which dissertation is intended for the benefit of some foolish folk I know, whose conduct as public men has been so criticized, and who by their womenfolk bow to this lady as if their heads and faces worked on springs. There is a wiser, a better, and a cleverer way—Play up, play up, and play the game.

She was very curious, very very curious. Even her husband, whose pockets she rifled, had to admit that. Her besetting sin took her far afield. Today it led her into investigating her husband's correspondence, and tomorrow the lure of another trial beckoned an irresistible road. Her friends' houses and affairs were another source of temptation. Laying off her wraps at a tea, she must peek into the next room, and the next, and the next, and so on. Just to see how the house was laid out; how her friend's tastes came out in curtains and other appointments. But one day this little trait, so common, so venial, very nearly carried in its wake quite serious consequences. At least it was the means of furnishing a warning to one of this foolish woman's acquaint-

ances, and it came about in this way: A reception was in progress to which this Foolish Person held a card. Two dressing-rooms were appointed, while a third room leading off one of these rooms, the hostess' private bed-room, was screened off by a curtained door, which its occupant left pinned together as a sign of privacy. Coming to bed late in the evening, she found the curtains drawn, the electric lights which she had left out, blazing merrily, and on the floor a tiny blue velvet bow. Her dressing table was similarly a bit upset. Comprenez-vous? Well, it was a pretty souvenir. My Hostess recognized the owner—the lady hasn't been invited since. Should anything by any chance have been missed at any subsequent time you see the inference. Curiosity killed a cat once.

A GLIMPSE OF LONDON LIFE

In front of every public house I passed in the street of Hackney through which I strolled, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, was a small knot of poor devils waiting in hope that some acquaintance, in better luck than themselves, would invite them to that penny drink of his swipes, which would entitle them to a broken biscuit from the bar counter.

In one street I counted thirty-seven men standing outside the four public houses. Not one of these men was smoking. I believe that not one of them had a single penny in his pocket, otherwise I should have seen a pipe or cigarette amongst them. I was so impressed by this that I turned into a dingy tobacco-sweet shop. A dishevelled Jewess served me with six pennyworth of her cheapest cigarettes. For this silver mile she gave me thirty-five. And then her womanly compassion, moved by my woe-begone appearance prompted her to say, "Perhaps you would like a light?" She tossed me a halfpenny box of matches.

I wandered down to one of the groups already mentioned, and entered a conversation with two youths of about twenty who were idly but shabbily dressed, and a hungry-looking man whom I took to be some kind of a mechanic. Taking out three or four loose cigarettes from my pocket I offered one to the best dressed of the youths.

"What?" he exclaimed, "Had a bit of luck this morning, old man? But I don't like to take it, as I can't give you nothing in return."

By this double negative he meant to imply that he was absolutely on the rocks himself and did not wish to rob a fellow-sufferer of any piece of luck upon which he might have counted. I assured them that I had had a job on the preceding day, and all three took the cigarettes with eagerness.

Having thus cemented this pavement acquaintance, I asked tentatively what the chances were of obtaining any work.

The mechanic bluntly suggested that I must be a "corker," which I understood from the context to mean a stranger, if I expected to find work in Hackney in the middle of the day. He himself had been round to no less than nine engineering firms that morning before eight o'clock in the hope of getting a temporary job as a fitter. He was a plumber by trade.

The other two had just tramped back from Milwall Docks, where they had tried to get something from wharf-hand to stowaway, in the shipping line. The better dressed of the two said for his part, he got one meal a day at his home. The other youth admitted that there were always a few pence to be earned each night outside the public houses by minding the children while their parents were in the bar.

The plumber's story was pathetic. He had a wife with a small baby at home, and had only been able to find two days' work in the last three weeks. At last he had been forced to throw himself upon the mercy of the parish, with the result that he had received a tenpenny ticket which he could realize either in a stipulated butcher's, baker's or grocer's shop.

For him, with his small child at home, there was only one course. He had to buy a tin of preserved milk at the grocers' and supplement it with coal and firing. If the grocer, in his magnanimity, had not sold him half a loaf of bread for the odd half penny, father and mother would have benefitted nothing by the charity.

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The Malady.

I do not care to play or work,
No taste have I for pleasure,
And my dislike for business cares
Is simply without measure;
I feel nobody cares for me,
And I care for nobody,
And all the glory of the world
Has turned to show and shoddy.

I walk along with lagging step,
And head low downward hanging;
And salutations that I get,
I'd fain return with bawling.
So very ugly is my mood,
So dark does life look to me,
With no redeeming feature,
I'd fain return with bawling.

I'm cross, I'm blue, I'm sad, I'm mad,
A most unhappy creature,
And all the prospects darkly blue,
With no redeeming feature,
It is not that I'm crossed in love,
Or found a friend deceiver,
It's all that I am out of sorts,
Because I've got spring fever.

—Baltimore American.

One reason why we look forward to
the summer time in Edmonton is be-
cause Arthur Hawkes pays us three
or four visits between June and Sep-
tember. He is a wonderfully enter-
taining man, second only to George
Ham of the C.P.R., as "Jollifier-extra-
ordinary" to the guests of his com-
pany. That his reputation is firmly
established is certain now, that the
newspapers are beginning to retail his
stories in their funny columns.

"Are you a Canadian or an Ameri-
can, Mr. Hawke?" some one asked
during a newspaper trip, for he might
pass for either, but he must be one
or the other; any person would feel
sure after hearing him speak. "By
birth, neither!" was the reply. "I be-
long to that country whose people so
frequently put the 'h' in the wrong
place, which reminds me of a visit
I once paid to Winnipeg Beach. A
neighbor of ours made a discovery.
'How strange,' she said, 'in our group
are four families, all of whose names
commence with the letter H. There
are the Hamiltons, the Hendersons, the
Hawkes and the Hartneys.'"

Winnipeg Town Topics indulges in
this valuable little reflection.
"Beware of the man who talks of
the 'solemn truth.' Truth wears many
colored and joyous raiment; she of the
mournful hue is hypocrisy."

Smith: "I passed Ellice's house the
other morning at three o'clock and
saw all the lights burning; wasn't
that a little strange?"
Jones: "A little strange? No, it
was a little stranger."

One Sunday evening recently the
electric light in the Methodist Church
at Wolseley, Saskatchewan, went out,
while a trio was playing a very charm-
ing setting of "The Lost Chord."

Two members of the congregation
tried to get a couple of lamps into
working order, but they—the lamps—
belonged to the Lord's Day Alliance
and refused to do business on Sun-
day.

"The Lost Chord" had to be given
up, and so had the lamps, and the
congregation sang "Nearer My God
to Thee."

The lights came on with startling
suddenness, and the minister an-
nounced his closing hymn. As he read
the first two lines the gravity of the lis-
teners was completely upset, for the
verse began:

"Glory to Thee my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the Light."

"William," said Aunt Ann Skiles
to her husband, after the supper dishes
had been cleared away, "let's go and
hear he lecture tonight." Uncle Billy
had forgotten that there was a lecture,
and when he was reminded that a re-
turned missionary was going to tell
all about India at the church, he did
not seem over-enthusiastic.
"I oughtn't to go anywhere to-
night!" grumbled Uncle Billy. "I

ought to be doctoring my sick horse."
"Well, you're not doing it, and
you're not likely to do it. Get ready
and go."

Uncle Billy meekly obeyed. He sat
patiently through the lecture, which
was both interesting and profitable.
At the close of his discourse the re-
turned missionary said:

"It will wait a few minutes now for
the purpose of answering any ques-
tions that interested persons in the
audience may wish to ask."

For half a minute nobody spoke.
Then, to the horror of Aunt Ann and
the astonishment of the congregation
Uncle Billy leapt forward and asked:
"What do they use in India to cure
horses that have got the heaves?"

A lady staying in a hotel was fright-
ened by a noise like that of a person
running about in a room over the one
she occupied. The noise went on at
intervals for two nights, and then
changed, as if the occupant on the
floor about had gone mad and was
skipping about. The lady did not be-
lieve in ghosts, but she was afraid of
them, so she asked the proprietor to
investigate the mystery.

It was a sick foreigner obeying the
imperfectly understood directions of an
English medical man: "Take the medi-
cine two nights running, then skip a
night."

Here is an old one, but as it has
been in retirement for a considerable
period it will probably pass muster.
Generally teachers are instructed not
to make lessons too difficult, but
sometimes they prove far more diffi-
cult than the teacher anticipates. For
instance, a teacher recently received
this communication from an anxious
and worried parent:

"Sir, will you in the future give my
son easier Some to do at nites. This
is what he's brought home—two or
three nites back. 'If four gallons of
bere will fill thirty-to pint bottles, how
many pints and half bottles will nine
gallons of bere fill?' Well, we tried
and could make nothing of it at all
and my boy cried and laffed and said
he didn't dare go back in the morning
without doing it. So I had to go and
buy a nine-gallon keg of bere, which I
could ill afford to do, and then went
and borrowed a lot of wine and
brandy bottles. We filled them, and
my boy put the answer down. I don't
know whether it is right or not as we
spilled some while doing it.
"P.S.—Please let the next be in
water, as I am not able to buy more
bere."

"He is thrice armed who hath his quar-
rel just,"
So wrote one poet long since turned to
dust.

She is thrice armed, we add this couplet
flat,
Who carries three long hat pins in her
hat.

—Toronto Star.
The following collection of "an-
swers" taken from examination pa-
pers, and retailed by the Saturday
Evening Post, gives some idea of why
teachers often grow discouraged with
life:

An anaesthetic is a person who does
not believe in God.
Name some of the early Christian
Fathers? Jerome, Oxiogen and Am-
brosia.

Cellulacy is when a man's single.
The opposite of this is pleurisy.
John Milton was famous for keep-
ing bad angels out of heaven.

What are the parts of speech?
Mouth, teeth, tongue, voice, palate and
bronchial tubes.

Rivers make the ocean, which would
overflow into the sponges at the bot-
tom absorb some of the water.

Why were their nine Muses? Be-
cause a cat has nine lives, was the
startling reply.

The priestess of the temple at Del-
phi, after the usual incantations, handed
out this oracular and mysterious
message:

"No wist het imefo raillog odmet
goo met of heat dit he par ty."
"Nobody could translate it."

It was written in a language entire-
ly unknown.
Thousands of years afterwards, how-
ever, an American typewriter sales-
man found it exceedingly easy and
turned it into a rallying cry that will
thrill the hearts of patriots through-
out all the coming ages.—Chicago Trib-
une.

Mrs. Kennedy: "So you met Mrs.
Roslyn on the street? I'm so glad.
They said she was wearing a new hat
just imported. Did you see it?"

Mr. Kennedy: "Yes, I noticed it."
Mrs. Kennedy: "That's splendid.
How was it trimmed?"

Mr. Kennedy: "Well, it had a cow-
catcher in front, a tailboard behind,
a flower garden on top, and a job-ot-
of assorted ribbons all round. You can
easily make one like it."

"He has invented a new drink."
"What does he call it?"
"Love."

"Because it makes the world go
round."

First Lady: "Did you notice Mrs.
'Awkes' 'ad a black eye?"
Second Lady: "Did I not! And
her 'usband not out of prison for an-
other week. I don't call it respect-
able."—London Opinion.

NO GERMANS WANTED
There were six of them—six Ger-
man musicians—and they were play-
ing German airs in a saloon at 23
Queincy street, say the Chicago Tri-
bune, when Policeman William Rourke,
a County Kerry man, passed the place,
swinging his club. He stopped to lis-
ten. The youth who played the yellow
clarinet was casting furtive glances
in the direction of the free lunch
counter, while a companion, whose
lips were glued to the first alto horn
was "ump-umping" and wishing he had
a fresh one all at the same time.

O'Rourke shoved his club into his
belt and stepped into the saloon. It
was his duty, he thought, to stop the
serenade.
"In the name of the state av Illin-
ois," said O'Rourke, raising his right
hand, "I command ye to stop this.
It's gone far enough."

The music ceased, and John Goettel,
the kappelmester, clearing his E flat
coffinet, approached the policeman to
ask what was the matter.

"Can ye play 'Th' Wearin' Av th'
Green?" asked O'Rourke. "No? Well,
then, can ye play 'Th' Wind that
Shakes th' Barley?' No? Well, then,
ye know 'Tatter Jack Welch' No?
Come along, then, all av ye, and
we'll let th' lieutenant settle th' matter.
I'll not have this kind of a nuisance
on my beat."

"With O'Rourke leading the way the
six musicians trudged over to the First
polic station at adison street and
the river. Lieut. Ben Reed was in
charge of the station when the strange



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procession entered.

After telling in detail how he caught
the "Tutons" in the act of creating a
breach of the peace, the policeman
mopped his forehead and sank into a chair.

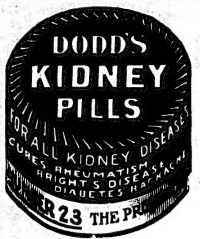
"What have you got to say for your-
self? The lieutenant asked of the kapp-
elmester.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?" asked
Goettel, laying his horn on the lieuten-
ant's desk. "Nein? Vell, I will
speak it in English the best I can."

"Captain, you see, it was like this:
Ve were playing in dot saloon ven
die Irishman policeman he come in
and said, 'Cut it out!' Ve stopped
right quick. Ach, wir machen aus-
gezeichnete musik. Wir spielen 'Zu
Lauterbach hab' ich Mein Strumpf eV-
loren' und 'An der Schoenen Donau'
und 'Die Lorelei' und 'Wenn die
Schwalben Leinwandis Ziehen' und
'Die Wacht am Rhein' und 'Der Duen-
peler Schanzen Marsch.'"

"This policeman he said to me 'Can
you play 'The Green is Wearing ON?'
I said no, we didn't had the musik.
Then he ask me to play 'The Wind Dot
Shakes the Wheat.' Once more alrety
I said dot ve didn't blay dot kind of
musik. Then he said 'Come with me
to the station.'"

Lieut. eRed, who had heard the
same "Ach Loele" band the night be-
fore, commented O'Rourke for his ac-
tion, but to the musicians go on the
promise that they would not again in-
vade the loop district. Kappelmester
wanted to show his appreciation by
playing "Die Wacht am Rhein," but the
lieutenant told him he would put the
whole bunch downstairs if they did
not get back to the "nord seil."



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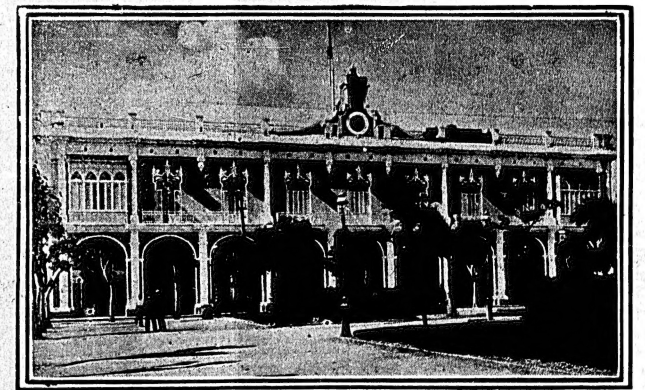
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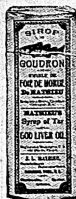
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LITTLE'S

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

I notice that the King Edward Hotel is fast becoming the fashionable rendezvous for a quiet little dinner. On Sunday evening I saw quite a number of small parties dining in leisurely and pleasant fashion to the music of Turner's delightful little orchestra. Among several groups, I noticed Madame Fontaine, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne York with a small party, and several others. It is a capital idea, this, and one prevalent in the large cities, to allow the maids off for an evening and enjoy a dinner and a change by repaying to one of the smart hotels, where the service is excellent, and the surroundings conducive to making one desire to prolong the meal. An innovation at the King Edward, and a capital one, is the employing of a capable corps of men waiters in place of girls.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, who I announced as leaving for her father's home in St. Mary's a week or so since, decided to remain over for a short time, and only left for her destination on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Cornwall and the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Marshall left on Sunday to attend the Horse Show in Calgary.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Bulger, and Mr. Babbitt left on Monday's train for Calgary, and will be en pension at "Brenner Lodge" during their stay in the southern city.

Among the functions that will be given in their honor is a reception by Mrs. Van Wart.

There was a very large and fashionable audience at Friday evening's performance of "The Royal Chef," at the Empire Theatre, every seat in the house, downstairs, at least, being taken. Among other parties, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, Mr. Jas. Biggar and Mr. Farrah, one of the lower boxes and out in the audience, Major and Mrs. Cuthbert, Mr. and Mrs. Jack O'Neil Hayes, and Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Cornwall, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Jouston, of Calgary, Miss Landry and Mr. Farmer, Miss Graves and Mr. Heffernan, Miss Tilly, and many more. I am afraid the date conflicting with the cricket club dance, had an effect on the attendance at the latter, as going on after the performance, I was surprised to see so few of the regular dancing set in attendance.

This was a pity, as Turner's orchestra furnished excellent music, the floor was perfect, and every arrangement super included, extraordinarily good. Among those who, however, enjoyed the occasion were: Mrs. Bonchier, looking handsome in black velvet and rare old lace; Mrs. O'Kelly, very smart and graceful in rich white satin, Mrs. J. D. Henderson, in pretty old rose-colored silk, with lace and pearl garniture; Mrs. Davies, her sister-in-law, a graceful young bride in a modish jet sequin and cut steel robe, with a knot of cogniflowers, and a cornflower blue velvet ribbon at the skirt, and in blue hair, Mrs. Bayford, in dainty pink, Mrs. Henderson, looking charming in black crepe de chine; Mrs. Morris in lovely broad-based blue satin and lace; Miss Geach, beautifully gowned in embroidered white crepe de chine with handsome fringe; Miss Matheson, of Winnipeg, receiving a great deal of attention in charming black lace, with a knot of roses on the corsage and a fetching bandeau in her hair; Miss Eleanor Taylor, a belle in white net and lace; Miss Phyllis Barnes, who looked exquisitely dainty in pale pink dotted colliette; Miss McCullough in pale blue satin and lace, and her niece, Miss Ross, who came with Mrs. Henderson, in shimmering white satin; Mrs. Howard Ritchie in a beautiful white satin gown, with a silver Mexican scarf; Miss Barrow in a rich cream lace robe over silk; Miss Scott in a most becoming black net gown with a mauve scarf; Miss Williams, in black with touches of pink; Miss Cobbett, who looked very sweet in pale pink; Miss Jones in dainty pink figured organdie; Miss Constance Dickey, in graceful black with white lace, and pale blue on the décolleté, Miss Dorothy Dickey, in pale pink, relieved with black and white; Miss Greenwood, in girlish pink flowered organdie gown, and Miss Nevin, in blue.

Miss Matheson left for her home in Winnipeg on Monday.

Among others who will spend part of the summer at White Whale Lake are Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson, who are taking



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with them a new motor boat, the Lodo, owned jointly between them, and named after Mrs. Scoble and Mrs. Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Richards and their family, who also own a motor craft, and Major and Madame Thibaudau.

The Jack O'Neil Hayes, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Herbert Dawson, and probably Mrs. Nightingale and Mrs. Swaisland will be Gull Lake campers. Everyone is off for some favorite spot, so that town will be unusually deserted during the summer months.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald goes east, a little later on, to visit at her old home in Cobourg.

Mrs. Henwood is still absent from town, and will probably remain until the end of the month, visiting her sister, Mrs. Benson, of Golden, to whom a wee son was born a short time ago.

Dr. Ella Synge, left on Friday night to take a post-graduate course at the Mayo Brothers' hospital in Rochester, Minn. I believe it is her intention to spend a year or so in the States before returning to Edmonton.

On Thursday, Miss Forsythe had a charming little evening for her intimate friends to bid her bon voyage; when those present wished her every kind of good luck and success in her chosen work. The tiny flat, the centre of many delightful Saturday evening gatherings, and the congenial coterie who enjoyed the parties, will miss the bustling little doctor, and hope for her speedy return to the Capital.

I hear that Mrs. Arthur Murphy who has been very seriously ill for quite a number of weeks, is to undergo an operation for appendicitis shortly at the Mayo Hospital in Rochester. All will hope to hear news of her speedy recovery.

Mrs. Swaisland's "tea" on Thursday afternoon, was one of those charming parties where everything seemed to conspire to make it a delight. It was one of those rare days when the guests could wander in and out on the broad verandah, take their tea with them, and enjoy a tete a tete chat with no sensation of cold or crush. The fine weather too, tempted the guests into donning their loveliest spring finery, and the long reception room and cheery tea room were a perfect sea of shimmering light frocks, pretty women and gorgeous and tremendous hats. Navigating at times, to be sure, was a little dangerous, for the monstrous flower gardens would insist on head-on collisions, but it is astonishing the dexterity with which the gentler sex have learned to steer these unwilling craft, so foolish in size, yet often so wonderfully effective.

Mrs. Swaisland, as always, triply and smartly gowned, received in the much admired living-room, prettily decorated with golden daffodils, wearing a luscious silk gown with pipings of becoming green. She was assisted in the tea room by a trio of attractive young matrons, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Sidney Woods, and Madame Thibaudau, all beautifully frocked. The tea table was a spring poem of daffodils and cool, green ferns, showers of them, interspersed with dishes of every tempting dainty imaginable. The guests indulged all the smart folk of the Capital.

Madame Cote's reception on Saturday, saw another fashionable crush, this popular young French matron counting her friends by the legion. Drooping in at five-thirty, I had much ado for a word with the hostess before making my way in the crowd to the popular and artistically-arranged tea-room. I think I never saw Madame Cote to better advantage, her charming frock of pale blue and black foulard with lace accessories setting off her pretty fair type perfectly. With her was Madame Fontaine, in a very handsome and elegant toilette of mauve satin, heavily embroidered in silver, with which was worn a stunning black picture hat with plumes. Throughout the rooms nodded quantities of golden daffodils, the same being employed with charming effect on the handsomely-appointed table, where Mrs. S. B. Smith, Mrs. Bowers, and Mrs. Tighe presided, while Madame Thibaudau, Madame Martin, Mrs. O'Kelly, Miss Scott, Miss Tilly, Miss Taylor, Miss Richardson, and Miss Cobbett, assisted.

Mrs. Ewing left on Monday to attend the horse show in Calgary.

Starland.

Some of the best programmes ever procured were shown at this cosy theatre during the last week. "The Yellow Jacket Mine" was a scenic masterpiece of extraordinary interest. It gave a vivid insight into the life and customs of mine owners in the West. The romance was thrilling from start to finish and held the attention of the whole audience. For real pathos "The Broken Locket" holds its own among the numerous Biograph productions. It shows how a young girl uses her influence to reform her drunken sweetheart. He goes west intending to do better, and takes as a love token the half of her broken locket. At first he does well but soon his old longing for drink overpowers him and he becomes an easy victim of a bold Mexican girl. She, with his consent, writes a letter to the Sweetheart Ruth, purporting to come from a male chum, to the effect that her lover was dead. The shock throws her into a delirious fever, from which she emerges totally blind. Having become the helpless slave of the community, the man trudges east to his old home. There he meets Ruth and sees her affliction, which happily prevents her from knowing what a wreck is the man she loves. But he is past recall and slinks away, leaving her to wait for his return. "The Open Gate" was another Biograph triumph. Hetty and George are old time sweethearts and were about to be married when Hetty was given the charge of Mary, her sister's orphan baby. She sends her sweetheart away, determining to dedicate her life to the child. By a strange coincidence, in later years, Mary is loved by George's nephew. Through a slight quarrel between the young couple, George and Hetty are reunited, and take their part in the double wedding. The management have informed their numerous patrons that the motion pictures of the opening of Parliament by King Edward VII will be exhibited on Monday next.

Strange Football Accident

Two lives were lost the other Saturday morning during a football match at Aberaman, Glamorganshire. The ball went out of play into the river and a ten-year-old lad named Harold James, whom the players asked to fetch it, fell into the water, and was carried away and drowned. A young man named Veale, on the opposite to assist, but fell unconscious and died before he could be taken home. Another man who went into the water to rescue the boy was seized with cramp and had a narrow escape. He was got out with difficulty and revived by artificial respiration.

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Home and Society

Calgary.

Mrs. Parr is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Bowen, of Wetaskiwin.

R. Richardson, merchant of Macleod, was in the city for a week end.

Miss F. Hall has been a guest at Taber for the week.

Miss Halstead spent last week with her parents here.

Miss Penelope Waddy has spent a few days this week with friends here.

Miss Cousins, of Medicine Hat, visited Mr. Smith's mother on Twelfth avenue west.

Mrs. Sanderson, of Macleod, who has been the guest of her daughter, Miss C. J. Sanderson, of the Marlborough, left for her home last evening.

Joe Mather and A. Sherwin, of Peterboro, Ont., arrived here last night and expect to take positions here.

Miss Weston and Miss Crumney spent the week end in the city.

Miss Norma Day, of Medicine Hat, is taking a business course in this city.

Inspector Ross and Mrs. Ross, of Edmonton, attended the provincial convention here last week.

Miss Mildred Squires returned yesterday for a delightful trip to Carleton.

Mrs. Pinkham was the engaging hostess at a very successful missionary tea on Thursday afternoon.

F. G. Garbutt left on Tuesday night for Toronto for a month's visit.

Mrs. Salter left this week for her home in Toronto, after spending a few days with Mrs. G. Lavis, Sixth avenue west.

Mrs. Allan Rattan and daughter, Miss Ruth, also Mrs. Hawkins, left on Wednesday to spend six months with friends at Port Hope.

Mrs. Colquhoun, of Toronto, arrived here last evening and will be the guest of Mrs. Robertson and Miss Markie, Fourth avenue west.

Mrs. Sydney Houston is leaving on April 16th for an extended visit to the British Isles.

Miss Green, of Edmonton, formerly of Niagara Falls, is the guest of Mrs. G. A. McCarthy, Mount Royal.

The St. Cecilia Club had a very delightful social function on Monday night. The purpose of it being that the young people of the church might become better acquainted. Cards and dancing were enjoyed for a few hours.

Mrs. Atkinson and Miss Lee were the attractive hostesses at a lively and interesting game of "500" this week, at which Miss Miller and Miss Stringer were the winners of the pretty prizes. Miss Lee, in pale blue silk and Miss Atkinson, in yellow satin, entertained the following guests: Miss Kerr, Miss Baillie, Miss Millar, Miss Glanville, Miss J. Glanville, the Misses Green, Miss Mason, Miss Gardiner, the Misses Stringer, and Messrs. Stringer, Garrett, Smith, Loughhead, Fraser, McLennan, Wier, Coon and others.

The ladies are serving refreshments at the annual horse show, at Sherman's rink, both afternoon and evenings. The committee in charge is: Mrs. Loughhead, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Cruickshanks, Mrs. Mapson, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Markie. The proceeds are in aid of the Victorian Order of Nurse funds.

Mrs. (Capt.) Deane was the charming hostess on Thursday evening at a five hundred. Mrs. Deane looked lovely in a black lace gown over tulle and received her guests with her usual charm. Red poppies and crimson carnations, with lily of the valley, formed a beautiful floral setting for the pretty reception rooms. The prizes by Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Woods, and Mrs. Jepson. Among the guests were Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. J. Young, Mrs. Naton, Mrs. Jepson, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Sansom, Mrs. Turner-Bone, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Macleod, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Nolan, Madame Talbot, Mrs. Ings, Mrs. Rowley, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Sisley,

Miss Pinkham, Miss P. Pinkham, Miss P. Pinkham and others.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized this week at the pro-cathedral church, the contracting parties being Miss Lucy Haytor, and Hugh MacDougall, both of Calgary. The bride looked charming in a perfectly fitting golden brown tailored suit, with hat to correspond, and was given away by her brother, Miss Stafford and Miss Thomas, accompanied the bride, while Mr. Taylor supported the groom. The very Rev. Dean Page performed the ceremony, the wedding march being played by Mr. Quat. After the service, Mrs. and Mr. MacDougall and a number of their friends had a very dainty wedding luncheon at the Ladies' Hotel, which was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies, daffodils and other choice spring flowers. The happy couple left on the north train to spend their honeymoon at Red Deer and other points in Northern Alberta.

The cricket club held their annual assembly on Monday night, and it proved to be a very brilliant affair, far exceeding any of the previous functions given by the club, although all have been enjoyable. The music was supplied by the Lyric Orchestra, and it was the popular opinion that no better could have been provided. The entire programme was enjoyed by one and all, and the evening passed away all too soon to satisfy the enthusiastic players and spectators. Appetizing refreshments were served at convenient intervals during the evening. The costumes of the ladies were particularly beautiful. Only a few of them were: Miss Jaynes, pink tulle; Mrs. O'Sullivan, black lace overdress, with tulle foundation; Miss Kerr, in a rich cream duchesse; Miss J. Sparrow, pink silk; Miss Grogan, handsome gown of black satin; Miss J. Sparrow, cream silk; Miss Harris, cream silk, and very many other handsome gowns.

The Garden of Years

Wilbur D. Nesbit, in April "Canada Monthly," (formerly Canada-West) writes:

I count the years as roses—
That bud and bloom and fade,
And as each one unclenches.
Another year is made.
They grow in one great garden
All patiently and slow,
And time the faithful woman,
Attends them as they grow.

I count the years as roses—
A petal for each day
To glow as they unclenches
And then be blown away.
The petals faint and wither,
And time the faithful woman,
Attends them as they wither.

And some are years of treasure,
And some to lose we're fain,
For some are sweet with pleasure
And some are years of pain,
But in the endless garden
The roses bud and blow
While time, the faithful woman,
Attends them, all arow.

EVERY DAY BRINGS
A FRESH PROOF

Mrs. Rousseau tells how they cured her after three years of almost ceaseless pain.

Hintonburg, Ont., April 18.—(Special).—Every day furnishes fresh proof that the women of Canada can be cured of ailments which have hitherto seemed to be a part of the inheritance of the sex by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. And this place has a living proof in the person of Mrs. William Rousseau, of 37 Merton street.

"For over three years," Mrs. Rousseau states, "I was very ill. My troubles were painful. I suffered very much with my back. My head ached almost continuously and I was so weak that I was unable to get from my bed."

"I was very weak and run down. Occasionally my hands would swell up, and this, too, gave me a great deal of annoyance and discomfort. I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and very soon commenced to improve. Three boxes cured me completely."

"Nine-tenths of suffering women," troubles start from diseased kidneys. The natural way to cure them is to take away the cause, that is, to cure the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills at ways cure diseased kidneys."

THE MEANING OF DREAMS

An Eastern Canadian Expert Says It is Quite Possible to Foretell One's Death

That it is no scientific impossibility for a man to foretell his own death accurately in a dream is the opinion expressed by Dr. Daniel Phelan, expert alienist and surgeon, of Kingston penitentiary, in a lecture before the debating Society of Ottawa University recently. Dr. Phelan was the expert called in by the Dominion government to determine the sanity or otherwise of John Dillon, the Montreal murderer, and has been a president of the American Association of Prison Surgeons.

The subject of the address was "The Phenomena of Sleep and Dreams." Dr. Phelan gave some good advice regarding time and amount of sleep. "The first two hours of sleep," he said, "are the most important as it reaches its highest point. Those who sleep more than necessary gradually become accustomed to this excess, so that it becomes necessary to them because their consciousness becomes enfeebled and it is thereby quickly fatigued. It is needless to remark that too much sleep is injurious, as the consciousness requires exercise for its development."

Cause of Sleep

"Through the cause of sleep, sleep far from being satisfactorily settled, it has been demonstrated that the causes producing it depend upon certain changes, which recurring periodically in the nervous centres, incapacitate the brain for action, and sleep is produced, during which the brain and body recuperate. It is the period of growth and repair. The most probable hypothesis regarding it, is that it depends upon an altered condition of cells of the brain as the result of exhaustion or weariness which diminishes their readiness to respond to the stimuli from the various nervous channels. The voluntary withdrawal of all sources of irritation involved in the preparation for sleep, and a diminished supply of blood to the brain are important factors in the production of sleep. The term sleep may be applied to quite different conditions than exist in natural, periodic sleep. For instance, the falling asleep after a hearty meal is due to the blood being turned from the brain to the digestive organs when digestion commences, thus in part depleting the brain, resulting in the production of sleep—the diminished volume of blood being the concomitant of sleep. Severe cold of the body, by diminishing the sensitiveness of the brain cells to irritation, and lessening the amount of blood in the brain, produce sleep. All virtues favor it and all vices discourage it."

"Dreams," Dr. Phelan described as resulting usually from memories stored up in the cells of the brain. "Memories, which when awake, we are unable to recall, may come vividly to us in our dreams; thus demonstrating that nothing which we have once mentally possessed can be entirely lost. Persons and things which we have long forgotten appear to us in our dreams, even though they were no longer recognized as memories by us. One can dream of nothing that he has not experienced or that he has not thought—the dream of some form or other must have been at some time in possession of our waking consciousness and must have slumbered there."

"It is well known that dreams have been reproduced in reality. Those which foretell sickness and death play the chief role. For instance a healthy man dreams that he is to have a severe illness, certain bodily ailments make themselves felt in a dream when they were too slight to be so much as noted. Various interests of the day, and the danger which could not be realized when awake, is revealed in sleep. The dream of Caesar's wife which represented the face of Brutus, the night before her husband's assassination, is well known and is even the basis of the supposition that unconscious ideas of facts which would lead to such results were already in her mind before going to sleep, as she had been oppressed by the uncertain political situation, and the thought in 'coincidence' of the plots against her husband must have often been in her mind."

There is a close analogy, Dr. Phelan added, between dreams and insanity, the distinction being that the dreamer carries out his ideas only in imagination, whilst the lunatic, following the promptings of his exalted mental conceptions, accompanies his extravagant and fantastic ideas with appropriate speech and action. There is no doubt that many of the delusions of the insane are really dreams which they have not been able to separate from their waking experiences."

NOTICE

Auction Sale of Lands in Northcote Addition

Part N.E. 34 17-53-24 W. 4th. The following lands will be sold by public auction by the undersigned on Saturday, the 23rd day of April, 1910, at eight o'clock in the afternoon, at No. 617 First St., in the city of Edmonton, pursuant to the power reserved in certain agreement for sale made in respect of the said lands between Robert Tegler, John Morris, Almer Moser and Ernest Ryder, all of Edmonton, Alberta, as vendors, and the persons whose names appear opposite the respective parcels herein after described, as purchasers: R. F. and W. P. Miller—Lots 14 to 16, Block 4.

Mary Tureczek—Lot 3, Block 17. John Tureczek—Lot 4, Block 17. Joseph Wassil—Lot 4, Block 14. Mrs. E. R. Evans—Lot 10, Block 5. Isaac Petch and J. W. Cooper—Lots 7 to 11, Block 20. Lots 7 to 11, in Block 21.

Joseph Danilovich—Lot 6, Block 17. R. K. Hanel—Lot 4, Block 4.

Wm. E. Robinson—Lots 5 and 6, Block 4.

Nellie S. Rennie—Lots 1 to 3, Block 10.

August L. Mass—Lots 21 and 22, Block 10. Lots 5 and 6, Block 8.

Albert Gugin—Lot 11, Block 11.

Charles Dore—Lots 9 to 11, Block 10.

Estate F. W. Darling (deceased)—Lot 12, Block 10.

And as assignees of an agreement with Philander and Annie Southworth, Lots 12 and 13, Block 16.

The sales will all be subject to a reserve bid sufficient to cover the balance due on the agreements respectively and the expense on the sale.

Dated at Edmonton in the Province of Alberta the 31st day of March, 1910.

W. J. Rolfe,

Auctioneer, 35 Jasper Ave. East.

For further information apply to:

Short, Cross, Biggar & Cowan,

Solicitors for Vendors,

14 Howard Street, Edmonton.

Ap. 2-16-23.

The Local Improvement

Act, Education Tax Act, Village Act,

and the School Assessment Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that under

the provisions of The Local Improvement

Act, Education Tax Act, Village Act,

and the School Assessment Ordinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court

has appointed WEDNESDAY, the 13th day of April, 1910, at Ten O'clock

a.m., at the Court House, in the City of Edmonton, for the holding of a

Court for the purpose of the returns

made under the provisions of Section

91 of The Local Improvement Act in

regard to the following Local Improvement Districts, viz:—

Local Improvement Districts 28-M-4,

29-M-4, 30-M-4, 29-N-4, 28-N-4,

27-N-4, 26-N-4, 25-N-4, 24-N-4,

23-N-4, 22-N-4, 21-N-4, 20-N-4,

19-N-4, 18-N-4, 17-N-4, 16-N-4,

15-N-4, 14-N-4, 13-N-4, 12-N-4,

11-N-4, 10-N-4, 9-N-4, 8-N-4,

7-N-4, 6-N-4, 5-N-4, 4-N-4,

3-N-4, 2-N-4, 1-N-4, 28-M-5,

29-M-5, 30-M-5, 29-N-5, 28-N-5,

27-N-5, 26-N-5, 25-N-5, 24-N-5,

23-N-5, 22-N-5, 21-N-5, 20-N-5,

19-N-5, 18-N-5, 17-N-5, 16-N-5,

15-N-5, 14-N-5, 13-N-5, 12-N-5,

11-N-5, 10-N-5, 9-N-5, 8-N-5,

7-N-5, 6-N-5, 5-N-5, 4-N-5,

3-N-5, 2-N-5, 1-N-5, 28-M-6,

29-M-6, 30-M-6, 29-N-6, 28-N-6,

27-N-6, 26-N-6, 25-N-6, 24-N-6,

23-N-6, 22-N-6, 21-N-6, 20-N-6,

19-N-6, 18-N-6, 17-N-6, 16-N-6,

15-N-6, 14-N-6, 13-N-6, 12-N-6,

11-N-6, 10-N-6, 9-N-6, 8-N-6,

7-N-6, 6-N-6, 5-N-6, 4-N-6,

3-N-6, 2-N-6, 1-N-6, 28-M-7,

29-M-7, 30-M-7, 29-N-7, 28-N-7,

27-N-7, 26-N-7, 25-N-7, 24-N-7,

23-N-7, 22-N-7, 21-N-7, 20-N-7,

19-N-7, 18-N-7, 17-N-7, 16-N-7,

15-N-7, 14-N-7, 13-N-7, 12-N-7,

11-N-7, 10-N-7, 9-N-7, 8-N-7,

7-N-7, 6-N-7, 5-N-7, 4-N-7,

3-N-7, 2-N-7, 1-N-7, 28-M-8,

29-M-8, 30-M-8, 29-N-8, 28-N-8,

27-N-8, 26-N-8, 25-N-8, 24-N-8,

23-N-8, 22-N-8, 21-N-8, 20-N-8,

19-N-8, 18-N-8, 17-N-8, 16-N-8,

15-N-8, 14-N-8, 13-N-8, 12-N-8,

11-N-8, 10-N-8, 9-N-8, 8-N-8,

7-N-8, 6-N-8, 5-N-8, 4-N-8,

3-N-8, 2-N-8, 1-N-8, 28-M-9,

29-M-9, 30-M-9, 29-N-9, 28-N-9,

27-N-9, 26-N-9, 25-N-9, 24-N-9,

23-N-9, 22-N-9, 21-N-9, 20-N-9,

19-N-9, 18-N-9, 17-N-9, 16-N-9,

15-N-9, 14-N-9, 13-N-9, 12-N-9,

11-N-9, 10-N-9, 9-N-9, 8-N-9,

7-N-9, 6-N-9, 5-N-9, 4-N-9,

3-N-9, 2-N-9, 1-N-9, 28-M-10,

29-M-10, 30-M-10, 29-N-10, 28-N-10,

27-N-10, 26-N-10, 25-N-10, 24-N-10,

23-N-10, 22-N-10, 21-N-10, 20-N-10,

19-N-10, 18-N-10, 17-N-10, 16-N-10,

15-N-10, 14-N-10, 13-N-10, 12-N-10,

11-N-10, 10-N-10, 9-N-10, 8-N-10,

7-N-10, 6-N-10, 5-N-10, 4-N-10,

3-N-10, 2-N-10, 1-N-10, 28-M-11,

29-M-11, 30-M-11, 29-N-11, 28-N-11,

27-N-11, 26-N-11, 25-N-11, 24-N-11,

23-N-11, 22-N-11, 21-N-11, 20-N-11,

19-N-11, 18-N-11, 17-N-11, 16-N-11,

15-N-11, 14-N-11, 13-N-11, 12-N-11,

11-N-11, 10-N-11, 9-N-11, 8-N-11,

7-N-11, 6-N-11, 5-N-11, 4-N-11,

3-N-11, 2-N-11, 1-N-11, 28-M-12,

29-M-12, 30-M-12, 29-N-12, 28-N-12,

27-N-12, 26-N-12, 25-N-12, 24-N-12,

23-N-12, 22-N-12, 21-N-12, 20-N-12,

19-N-12, 18-N-12, 17-N-12, 16-N-12,

15-N-12, 14-N-12, 13-N-12, 12-N-12,

11-N-12, 10-N-12, 9-N-12, 8-N-12,

7-N-12, 6-N-12, 5-N-12, 4-N-12,

3-N-12, 2-N-12, 1-N-12, 28-M-13,

29-M-13, 30-M-13, 29-N-13, 28-N-13,



Cure that Cough- Prevent Another

There is a double benefit in using Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. It cures, it fortifies; it removes the immediate trouble, drives away the cough, soothes the irritated surface, heals the inflamed membranes and at the same time, owing to its tonic properties, builds up the system as a whole.

Its results are marvellous. A bottle in the house is a wise precaution. All dealers keep

MATHIEU'S SYRUP Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

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Distributors for Western Canada, Foley Bros. & Co., Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg



Snappy New Spring Suitings

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SMARTLY DRESSED
YOUNG MEN AND YOU
WILL BUY YOUR CLO-
THES HERE.

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Renew Your Subscription

PRINCE RUPERT AS A WOMAN SAW IT

(By Ethel G. Cody Stoddard in the
Toronto Globe)

Canada has many new towns, but perhaps none of them shakes hands with the future in quite such a hearty manner as does Prince Rupert, B.C. Various stories concerning the new ocean port have floated inland, but to be on the ground and personally observe dispels the fairy stories and compels belief in the reality. Hearty carries a considerable distance, but seeing is believing, and one has much more respect for Prince Rupert after having seen it. It is the only town from Vancouver, B.C., to Skagway, Alaska, that has a hum in its atmosphere.

Its harbor is excellent, being flanked by tier after tier of snow-capped mountains, which, if they had only continued around the harbor to the seaward side, would have greatly benefited the town in that the ocean breezes that now skip along low-lying Digby Island, and frequently discommode vessels would have been barred from entrance. Otherwise everything is as it should be—plenty of water and no end of dockage room. A brisk traffic by water has been established, and several steamship lines make Prince Rupert their most northern port, while Alaska-bound vessels make it their chief port of call on the trip.

If Prince Rupert's townsite could be ironed out it would be much improved; as it is, the hills that crowd the waterfront are being cut out by the railroad for its own benefit. But to do away with solid rock hills from thirty to eighty feet high is no mean undertaking and it is not probable that more will be disposed of in the immediate future than is absolutely necessary. The present front street, runs straight up-grade from the wharf till it becomes a bit too steep to be comfortable, then branches off and surrounds the hill that backed it. A new and less breath-taking front street is in contemplation, and nifty but well-built stores are to be erected upon it; several fine buildings are at present in course of construction, and an imposing main thoroughfare is assured.

There is not much earth around Prince Rupert's immediate vicinity; muskeg holds the fort to a depth ranging from eighteen inches to fifteen feet. In consequence, the roadways, of which there are over eight miles, are planks mounted on piles, and all have been laid since this past spring. Each store that flanks the present business is likewise nifty situated, and has a stilted entrance. Houses follow suit unless they are fortunate enough to arrive on a hilltop at the same point as does the road. New roofs appear in every direction and some attractive houses are being built. Its general appearance is scattered because it teeters on the tips of many hills, nestles in warm hollows, and sticks to the hillsides.

The railroad construction and real estate values and buys are the latter most topics on the streets. The latter is steadily mounting, while the former is equally persistent in its progress. The railway enters the city from the south, and snatches a resting-place from the foot of Mount Oldfield, which stands guard at the southeastern shore of the harbor entrance and dips its green skirts into the sea. The road-bed is rock-ballasted and practically ready for the steel. At present one engine is monarch of the road, and was brought in from Vancouver on a scow. But soon the ponderous moguls of a well-equipped road will be speeding in and out of the town and a new era in Canada's railroad history will have arrived.

Prince Rupert people are touchy about their weather. I did not see a

drop of rain while there. On my first visit a downpour of several days' duration had, grown, tired and stopped, and, though everything oozed wetness, yet the air was splendidly bracing. Old-timers assured each new-comer that this was the wettest season in the town's history, and one tactfully refrained from dwelling on the shortness of the history. On my second visit the monarch of the air reigned supreme and the heat was on the verge of being uncomfortable, but made Prince Rupert's possibilities look very promising.

At present the new town is, in many respects, very crude, and is laid out without any apparent system or uniformity (unless you look at the map of the city) but it is making history every day, and each setting sun finds it well ahead of the day's dawn. Behind the town the mountains smile approval of Canada's baby port, while beyond them lies its hope—Greater Canada. Its people, of whom there are about twenty-five hundred men and about five hundred women, are optimistic and opportunity-grasping; they believe in it, live for it, and wait eagerly for its future.

Mr. Roosevelt Charged By a Lion

The lion stopped and lay down behind a bush; jumping off I took a shot at him at two hundred yards, but only wounded him slightly in one paw; and after a moment's sullen hesitation off he went, lashing his tail. We mounted our horses and went after him; Tariton lost sight of him but I marked him lying down behind a low, grassy ant hill. Again we dismounted at a distance of two hundred yards; Tariton telling me that now he was sure to charge. In all East Africa there is no man, not even Cunningham himself whom I would rather have with me than Tariton, if in difficulties with a charging lion; on this occasion, however, I am glad to say that his rifle was badly sighted, and shot altogether too low.

Again I knelt and fired, but the mass of hair on the lion made me think he was nearer than he was, and I under-shot, inflicting a flesh wound that was neither crippling nor fatal. He was already grunting savagely and tossing his tail erect, with his head held low; and at the shot, the great sinewy beast came forward with the speed of a greyhound. Tariton then, very properly fired, for lion hunting is no child's play, and it is not good to run risks. Ordinarily it is a very mean thing to experience joy at a friend's misadventure; but this was not an ordinary case, and I felt keen delight when the bullet from the badly sighted rifle missed, striking the ground many yards short. I was sighting carefully, from my knee, and I knew I had the lion all right; for through he galloped at a great pace, he came on steadily—ears laid back and uttering terrific coughing grunts—and there was no question of making allowance for distance, nor, as he was out in the open, for the fact that he had not before been distinctly visible. The head of my foresight was exactly on the centre of his chest as I pressed the trigger, and the bullet went as true as if the place had been plotted with dividers. The blow brought him up all standing, and he fell forward on his head. The soft-nosed Winchester bullet had gone straight through the chest cavity, smashing the lungs and the big blood-vessels of the heart. Painfully he recovered his feet, and tried to come on, his ferocious courage holding out to the last.—From "African Game Trails," by Theodore Roosevelt, in the April Scribner.

The Boy Who Is Brave in the Dark
He isn't very much to look at, and he doesn't seem very heroic in his cheap suit and his gnarled kip shoes. He sweeps our offices and runs our errands and takes our bundles back to be wrapped. Sometimes he earns as much as five dollars in a week, but



HASSAN Cork Tipped Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke
Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

often three. His is a homely bravery without romance or fanfare—just burden bearing for a mother who choose the wrong man, or whose "right man" didn't think of her lot after he passed out. While your boy is turning over in his sleep, her boy is up and out, trudging to an office or a factory or a store. When the mornings are frosty he walks a little faster and stirs his blood into warmth—when the day is rainy he keeps near the buildings and doesn't get so very drenched. He hasn't had many years of schooling, and by the time he reaches manhood the average of education will be so much higher than now that his smattering will be even less than it seems today. His fellow workers are mentally stunted and are unable to give him a polish of contact. Some of them are morally sound, but just as many are over-precious in the banal phases of worldliness. Sunday is his one rest

and play day. His nights are not likely to be helpful unless his home influences are unusual.

He hasn't much of a chance, has he, with an undeveloped frame, and untrained mind, and a starved moral fibre? The Y. M. C. A. could take him in hand, though, and bring him to its recreation rooms, its gymnasium, its educational classes, its lectures and its religious and ethical courses. It could broaden his brain, increase his brawn, awake his imagination to the finer things of life—show him the safe road to tomorrow—develop in him the latent seeds of ambition, which after a little helping his own stamina could cultivate into realization. The Y. M. C. A. has done this for untold boys—is doing it for thousands now. But there are so many who need its help and there are so few resources at its command with which to do the helping! Will you make it possible to have a few more boys come through to manhood in safety and strength?



LIQUOR LICENSE ORDINANCE Application for Renewal Liquor Licenses

The following applications for renewals of liquor licenses will be considered by the Board of License Commissioners at a meeting to be held at Edmonton on Monday, May 2nd, 1910, at 10 o'clock a.m.:

Frank E. Goode, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the St. James Hotel, situate on Lot 100, in River Lot 6, of the Edmonton Settlement, and being in the city of Edmonton.

The Castle Hotel Co., Ltd., for renewal of license in respect to the Castle Hotel, situate on Lots 205 and 206, Block 2, H.B.R., Edmonton.

John B. McCulla, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the King Edward Hotel, situate on Lots 217 and 218, Block 1, H.B.R., Edmonton.

Waggoner & Jolly, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Victoria Hotel, situate on Lot 7, River Lot 6, Edmonton.

William Cameron, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Brunswick Hotel, situate on Lot 101, Block No. 1, H.B.R., Edmonton.

Thomas Rooker, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Alberta Hotel, situate on Lots 120, 122 and 123, Block 2, Edmonton.

The Capital Wine and Spirit Company, Limited, for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on the east half of Lot 14, River Lot 6, Edmonton.

York and Robert for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Yale Hotel, situate on the easterly fifty feet of Lot A, River Lot 6, Edmonton.

John Cameron, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Edmonton Hotel, situate on the east side of First street and described as all that part of the unsubdivided portion of River Lot 4, lying north of the right of way of the Edmonton, Yukon and Pacific Railway Company, Edmonton.

Edmonton Wine and Spirit Co., for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on Lot No. 6, in River Lot 8, Edmonton.

Joseph Beauchamp, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the International Hotel, situate on Lots 7 and 8, in Block 10, River Lot 12, Edmonton.

Nathan Bell, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Pandemonia Hotel, situate on Lot 35, in Block 2,

River Lot 12, Edmonton.

L. A. Goodridge for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Jasper House, situate on Lots 1 and 2, west half of 35, Block 2, River Lot 12, Edmonton.

Mrs. Bertha Hein, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Queen's Hotel, situate on Lots numbered "D," "E" and "F," in River Lot 10, of the Edmonton settlement, and being on the south side of Jasper Avenue in the city of Edmonton.

Robert McDonald, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Senate Hotel, Edmonton (205 Fraser Avenue).

The Grand Central Hotel Co., of Edmonton, Limited, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Grand Central Hotel, situate on most westerly 25 feet of Lot 3, Plan "E," Edmonton.

J. B. Mercer, for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on the most easterly 25 feet of Lot 13, River Lot 6, Edmonton.

The Hotel Cecil Co. of Edmonton, Limited, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Hotel Cecil, situate on Lot 127, Block 4, H.B., Edmonton.

Charles Stahn, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the St. Elmo Hotel, situate on Lots 7 and 8, in Block 1, River Lot 10, Edmonton.

W. H. Connor for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Imperial Hotel, situate at the corner of Rice street and Queen's Avenue, Edmonton.

Matthew Barbor for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Windsor Hotel, situate on Lot 83, Block 1, Edmonton.

Robert Klein, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Grandview Hotel, situate on Lots 5 and 6, River Lot 8, Edmonton Settlement, Edmonton.

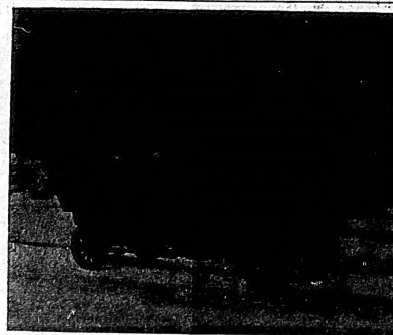
J. N. Pomerleau, for renewal of hotel license in respect to the Richelieu Hotel, situate on Lots 199 and 200, H.B.R., corner Peace and Third street, Edmonton.

Wilson, Ltd., for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on Lot 74, Block 3, H.B.R., Edmonton.

Hudson Bay Company, for renewal of wholesale license in respect to the premises situate on Lots 163 and 164, Block 2, Edmonton.

Dated at Edmonton this 4th day of April, 1910.

A. Y. BLAIN,
Acting Dep. Attorney-Gen.



AN AUTOMOBILE HEARSE.

This novelty in automobiles is a combination of hearse and funeral coach. It has been invented by an undertaker in New York.

\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the companies books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. Of Canada

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets \$1,329,098
(b) " Reserve 948,288
(c) " Income 302,571
(d) " Surplus 348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

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PHOTOGRAPHER

Great Mechanical Changes

Which Thomas A. Edison Says Will Be Brought About in the Near Future

That wonderful man, Thomas A. Edison, has been telling of the great changes that we are on the verge of. Some people have been suggesting that mechanical development cannot continue in this century at the same rate as it did in the last. Mr. Edison does not agree with this view.

"In two hundred years," he writes, "by the cheapening of commodities, the ordinary laborer will live as well as a man does now with \$200,000 annual income. Automatic machinery and scientific agriculture will bring about this result." The prophecy is not so tremendous as the figure suggests, notes the Montreal Witness, as, taking one consideration with another, the man who is living in the ordinary comfort of today is every whit as well off as the millionaire who cannot add to his real comforts or to his refinement by the preposterous attempt to spend an income of two hundred thousand dollars upon himself. The forecast is based on things known to all. If we look backward for two hundred years or so instead of forward we realize that the working man of today enjoys comforts, conveniences and cleanliness of condition unknown to kings and queens of two hundred years ago. Baillie Nicol Jarvis, of Glasgow, supping his simple porridge and cream in the days of Rob Roy, could truthfully say: "The king, honest man, hasnae sae guid a dish." But what strides in comfort have been made since the days when the pawky baillie walked the streets, with his maid of all work carrying a lantern before him to keep him out of the mire.

Mr. Edison, with the glad optimism of one who has played successfully with the secrets of nature, may foresee a time when social evolution will advance hand in hand with the perfection of machinery. Then all unintellectual labor, all monotonous, dull labor; all labor that deals with dreadful things, and involves unpleasant conditions, will be done by machinery. It will displace the toilers in coal mines, do all sanitary services, clean the streets, carry messages, take the place of stokers on steamships and do every thing that is tedious, distressing or dangerous. There can be no doubt that this is the future of machinery. Just as crops grow while the farmer is sleeping, or as dividends accumulate while the investor in enjoying cultivated leisure; so, while humanity will be busy with moral questions, making things beautiful or engaging in intellectual pursuits, with opportunities to seek the holier objects of life machinery will be doing those kinds of work that stunt men's mental activity. Plato, in his conception of a perfect republic, included human slavery. Unless these are slaves, either by force or necessity, to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation became almost impossible. But now the corner of the curtain is lifted in a coming era when machinery will be the slave in a perfected civilization.

More "Popular Fiction"

"Will be Back Soon."
"Awfully Sorry, Old Boy, But I Haven't a Cent About Me."
"Faithfully Yours, J. Smith."
"Miss Thompson Is Not at Home."
"Mr. Chairman, I Had Not Expected to Be Called Upon to Make Any Remarks This Evening."
"Yes, We Must Be Going, Mrs. Jipes. Good night! We've Had a Perfectly Splendid Time."
"Now that You've Found the Way Here At Last, Mrs. Higginthorn, I Hope You Will Come Often."
"John Will Take You to the Car; No, He's Not a Bit Tired."

REAL ESTATE A PROFESSION.

The common usage of the word "profession" as confined to holders of college degrees or practitioners of certain arts, is by no means a correct one. In this day of specialisation in the business field the term may be applied quite as authentically to various pursuits of this variety as in the case of lawyers, physicians or teachers. It is quite true that there are still many business callings to which the word may not be aptly applied, but one such vocation which to be practised with success stands alone, is the real estate business. Some particularly salient points on this subject were brought out by a speaker at a recent meeting of the real estate board of brokers of New York, in which he urged the members to regard their business more in the light of a profession than merely as a means of gaining a livelihood. The speaker went on to say:

"There is a great difference between a mere livelihood and a profession. A livelihood is simply a means of subsistence, material support, living. A profession, on the other hand, is a vocation, requiring special preparation or an occupation that involves a liberal education or its equivalent. It is mental rather than manual labor that is the place upon which we should put the real estate business, either as operators or brokers, and upon that plane will we command the respect of our fellow men. The trouble with a great many real estate men is that their wishbone is where their backbone ought to be.

"The successful real estate man should be clear of vision, keen of intellect, and broad in his views, and above everything else, strictly honest. I plead for a higher standard of integrity in the business in which we are engaged. It never pays to misrepresent.

"The real estate business is not unlike any other business; its problems are not unique. Operating in real estate is not the game of chance some think it to be. The successful real estate operator must not only consider the present; he must study the past and look well into the future. The average real estate operator, like the average merchant or manufacturer, often becomes narrow because he is too close to his proposition. We are apt to be too self-centered. Operators too often follow each other instead of working along original lines. We should learn to rise above the fog and mists that surround the work in which we are engaged—climb the Metropolitan tower, as it were, to get the broader view, the clearer vision.

"The wealth of the world is based upon real estate in some form or other, and it is high time that financiers recognized this. Real estate is the only commodity of which there never can be any overproduction. There is the same amount of land in the world today that there was a hundred or a thousand years ago, and yet the population of the world is steadily increasing.

"I believe that there are now in this city and throughout the country vast sums of money the owners of which are desirous of investing in real estate, but they do not know how. I believe also that there are many parcels of real estate in this city the owners of which would gladly sell at a fair price. How to bring the buyer and seller together is the work of the broker. A careful study of the property and the use to which it could be put—an intelligent presentation of these facts to the prospective buyer—will oftentimes bring about a sale. Prepare your cases carefully so that when you go to the prospective buyer you will at once win his interest in the property you have for sale."—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

THE WILD AND WOOLLY

The story of the Northwest Mounted Police has not been elsewhere so simply and graphically related as in Col. Steele's address before the Canadian Club of Fort William. No living man is more familiar with the conditions which obtained in the West prior to the organization of the police, the magnitude of the task assigned to that body, and the methods which have converted the lawless prairies into the law-abiding lands they are today. A great many of our people, said Col. Steele, have been under the impression that we never had in the Northwest what might be called a "Wild and Woolly West," as in the United States, that is, a place where crimes of the most awful description have been committed. But we know better.

Wild Indians' Elysium.

There was a time in the West when no one could go west of Moose Jaw, or west of Qu'Appelle to the Rocky Mountains without a large escort, without the chance of having his scalp taken. The Hudson's Bay Company established a post that cost them ten thousand pounds on the Saskatchewan, but the Indians destroyed it. They established Little Bow Fort above Calgary, and that was destroyed twice.

There was no white man dared to travel through the Blackfoot country, or Assiniboine country. If the large parties out looking for buffalo found Indians they killed every one they met, for if any Indians escaped to give the news they were destroyed themselves. In 1871 there were Blackfoot Indians on the North Saskatchewan, and Mr. Christie hired an escort to protect his party, but they were murdered in the presence of the chief factor, and the scalps taken at Fort Edmonton.

The Hudson's Bay Company had great influence in the north; but in the south, with the Blackfeet and others they hadn't any; and American people who had settled in Montana, and who had been used to scenes of blood during the Civil War, went into the southern part of Alberta and Saskatchewan and established posts for the sale of whiskey to the natives.

There was a fort named Fort Whoopee. It mounted two guns, and had strong gates, with large rooms in the square and the chimneys all barred so that the Indians couldn't clamor down and get in, and the whiskey was traded through a hole in the wall.

Horse for a Quart.

A pony could be bought for a quart of whiskey, and it was poor whiskey too. The robes had to be escorted out in the spring lest the Indians should attack the wagons and take them back. At last they found that imported rifles were coming in and other Indians were getting them. The whiskey traders raised a corps, which, under the leadership of one Kilner, alias Jack O'Neil, drove all the legitimate traders out of the country, and only the whiskey traders remained.

In those years the Indians fought in all that country. Piapot went one year with a large band of Crees to the forks of the Belly and St. Mary's rivers. Finding there some families of old people and children, they scalped all but one boy, who escaped and gave the alarm.

A whiskey trader named Vogel, of German descent, was rading with a camp of assassins. With his ten or twelve men he decided to clean out the camp. At night they went down and stood in the river bed, and ressing their rifles on the low bank, fired through the grass at every light in a tepee as long as their ammunition lasted. Thirty-two Indians were killed and twice as many wounded, and not knowing whence the shots came the rest fled to the hills. The news of this outrage was the final straw which broke the government to establish the Mounted Police.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Capital Authorized - - - - - \$5,000,000.
Capital Paid Up - - - - - \$5,287,560.
Reserve and Undivided Profits - - - - - \$5,759,468.

Special facilities for collections on any point in Canada or abroad.

The Bank transacts every description of banking business.

Edmonton Branch - - - - - A. H. DICKINS, Manager

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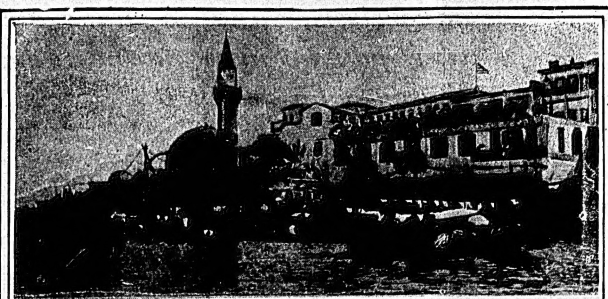


SPRING CLEANING

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NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One)

inapt any foreign power would be to make war on any one of an individually war-ready family, so sure as are the world's Englishry to stand shoulder to shoulder on behalf of any brother endangered by unjust attack.

Do I mean that Great Britain and Canada should cease to be bound, by political ligatures, to defend one another? That is precisely what I mean. The existing slight ligatures are the cause of less mutual readiness to stand by one another than would come of mutual independence. Does Canada need Great Britain to be in bondage to fight for Canada? Against whom? Against the neighboring republic? Do we need defence against the United States? Could Great Britain materially help us in such defence no matter how much her navy might triumph? Would she? Has not experience shown us the contrary? Are we not glad that Great Britain was too wise, farsighted, true to the race, true to humanity, to be misled by Canadian roars into fighting the republic on her own Trent affairs, or on our Fisheries or Alaskan affairs?

To summarize—the voluntary Empire, one of dominions all alike independent under the crown, would put Canada, immediately to her first proper problem, that of coast defence. The same independence would require us to get ready to aid in maintaining the family sea supremacy, which is necessary to our welfare. If these things be true we cannot too soon invite our monarch to assume the title of King of Canada in order that he may thereafter be advised on Canadian domestic and foreign affairs, solely by ministers who are representatives of the electors of Canada. If that were his position toward us then Canadians would be perfectly independent, and even more than they are now in the Voluntary Empire.

RUNNING ANIMALS DOWN

The Editor, Saturday News:

Dear Sir—Permit me to ventilate through your columns a case of cruelty which has lately happened, the recurrence of which can only be prevented by arousing the indignation of the public against the atrocities which are frequently perpetrated by the great railway corporations in their arbitrary attitude as regards the people.

On March 22nd, a horse belonging to F. C. Clare, Sec. 30, Tp. 53, R. 23, was run down about 2:25 p.m. on the C. N. R. in broad daylight, where the track was perfectly straight for over a mile. The engineer according to evidence, whistled for some time, but made no attempt to slow down his train and after running the horse until it was exhausted, for a distance of about 200 yards, the horse paused for an instant at a cattle guard when the engine struck him, cutting off both hind legs.

Where an engineer deliberately runs into animals on a level track in broad daylight, the ordinary individual would voluntarily assume that he had committed an offence against the law which states that no one shall wantonly ill treat or torture any animal.

If there is no law regulating such diabolical cruelty, it is time for us to get busy and see that this grievance is remedied, and with that object in view, I ask space in your paper for this communication.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

T. G. PEARCE.

Secretary.

C.N.R. BOATS FASTEST YET

"Royal George" and "Royal Edward" Will Make New Records.

WILL BE FLOATING PALACES

In Planning These Boats the Idea Was to Provide at Sea all Pleasures of Land.

Montreal, April 7.—The triple screw turbine steamships Royal Edward and Royal George, which are to be operated by the Canadian Northern Steamships Limited from Montreal to Bristol, are to be the most luxurious vessels ever seen in the St. Lawrence.

These two steamships, which are now being prepared for their North Atlantic service by the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company on the Clyde, were constructed by the same firm in 1907 and 1908 and ran for one season as the "Cairo" and "Helopolis" in the Mediterranean.

Both vessels are similar and the chief dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 545 feet; breadth, 60 feet 3 inches; tonnage, 12,000 gross; horsepower, 18,000; in the trial trips 20.6 knots were recorded, and they are fully expected to break all records between Montreal and Great Britain.

In originally planning the construction of these vessels the dominant thought was to provide at sea all the pleasures of land, and the boats are literally floating palaces.

Luxurious Library.

On the bridge deck is the library in the Regence style. The walls are paneled in oak. In the sublety of the delicate mouldings and the rich but restrained carving the designers have succeeded in capturing the elusive charm of that transitional work, examples of which are to be found in celebrated French chateaux, as in the well-known one at Rombouillet, decorated during the period between the death of Louis XVI. and the time when his grandson was acknowledged king of France. The carving here is exceptionally fine. There is in this room a general effect of repose, enhanced by the restful combinations of grey oak with the uncommon shades of green employed in the covering of the chairs, etc. One is here reminded of the delightful Bibliotheque found in the houses of the French noblesse. All the details of the chairs, fauteuils, etc., are from fine models of the period.

The music room on the promenade deck is a charming room furnished in white.

Saloon Seats 266.

The first class dining saloon is undoubtedly the most striking apartment of all. It occupies the whole breadth of the ship and is 77 feet in length. The design is of the Georgian period and in all 266 persons can sit down at one time, and the cuisine is excellent. The second class passengers enjoy only a shade less luxury and beauty of surroundings than their saloon fellow passengers. The second class dining saloon is 60 by 30 feet and accommodates 180 people.

There are six passenger decks, passenger elevators serving four decks, a system of Thermo-tank ventilation, and the vessels are equipped with the very latest marine devices such as the Marconi wireless and deep sea telephones.

The cabins-de-luxe are executed in Sheritan style in inlaid mahogany and satinwood and are exceptionally comfortable and refined.

Montreal to Liverpool.

Sailings will be from Berth 10, King Edward Pier, Montreal (and Quebec), to the King Edward Docks, Bristol, England, from which point a two-hour train service has been arranged to London, England, thereby making a further reduction in time to the capital of the Empire.

There is accommodation for 350 saloon passengers, 200 second class and 600 third class passengers provided for the third class passengers instead of the open bunks of the ordinary emigrant ship). Also 14,000 cubic feet of cold storage space and additional space for 1,000 tons of high class freight and express, the freight accommodation being equipped with ventilating fans and cool air system.

The lord mayor of Bristol, F. B. Girdlestone, manager of the Bristol docks, and the management of the Great Western Railway are receiving the congratulations of the shipping interests on the other side in having succeeded in securing that port as the English terminal for the new fast line.

A Merchant Must make it Pay You To Read His ADS!

WHATEVER he does to make his store of more importance to you than is the store of his competitor must be explained, hinted or suggested to you---and he can only do that by enchaining your attention to his ads.

He is aware that you "know things" about stores---about goods---values, prices. He, therefore, knows that to advertise something that is actually high-priced---or, not actually priced on a profit-dividing plan---is to merely give proof of the **non-usefulness of his store to you.**

Now, the merchant **knows** that his store **is** useful to you. And he knows that he must make it more and more so. So his problem resolves itself into this:

That as only Good Values offered make good advertising, he must make everything in his store advertisable. Thus, to make store-keeping pay he must be a big advertiser; and to make advertising pay he must make it pay the person who reads it.

The inexorable logic of modern business, therefore, compels the merchant to make it pay you to read his ads.